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MORAL

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Religious Musings.

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BY G. ZELOTES ADAMS.

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DEDICATION.

TO CORNELIUS CHASE.

My Dear Friend—

The many unacknowledged benefits which I have received at your hand, have ever been gratefully remembered; and perhaps I could not find a more suitable opportunity to express my feelings for the interest you have taken in my welfare, than in dedicating to you this small volume of youthful lucubrations. I have seen with what parent-like assiduity you have extended your watchings over me in hours of sickness; your counsels to me when clouded with adversity; your rejoicings with me when gladdened with prosperity; and, indeed, your acquaintance has been replete with ostensible proofs of your friendship, for which one word of the unuttered dialect of the heart, speaks more forcibly the language of my thoughts, than a multitude of servile lines. In placing these effusions before the tribunal

of the public, I do not expect they will receive much praise, but that censure will be the reward of my temerity: that they may be read with a lenient eye by yourself, is the climacteric of my anticipations.

Finally—That you may live to see the fruition of all your schemes in this world, fade in brilliant realization, and when earth shall cease to be the habitation of that mind, so prodigal of virtuous achievements, that it may rise to the sublimated rest of Heaven, and there enjoy the rich consummation of the Christian pilgrim's labors on earth, is the heartfelt wish of

Your humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Chatham, N. Y. Jan. 15, 1835.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Miscellaneous Poems, is deeply sensible how much indulgence he will need from the reader's eye in permitting his earliest effusions to appear before the public, in their present unfinished condition. Without the necessary advantages indispensable to authorship, it may not be amiss to inform the reader, that they have generally been written at snatched intervals, as a recreation from intense study—in hours when the minds of many leap to unbind themselves in less confining amusements.

Though the elegance of diction—the harmony of thought—the perspicacity of imagination indigenous to a natural writer, do not flow through the subsequent pages, yet if they are destined to awaken one sweet recollection within the bosom of a friend, or add to the serenity of one moment's enjoyment, or guide the sedulous aspirings of some heart to that Source from whence all blessings issue, ample will the Author think the remuneration bestowed upon his first efforts.

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GOD.

JEHOVAH, Power Supreme, Almighty God!
Blest Beatitude, at whose creative nod,
  Worlds upon worlds have leap'd from Chaos' womb,
As rolling streams break forth in joyful bounds,
And gladden Nature's ear with welcome sounds,
When genial Spring, in her alternate rounds,
  Disrobes the weeping earth of Winter's gloom.

Fain would I climb, with Reason's cautious tread,
The pathway of the skies,—those orbs o'erspread
  In azure space,—and view Thy presence sweet.
Thou great I AM! O, lose my thoughts in Thee;
Bid Earth's tenebrious glooms, O! bid them flee,
Reveal the wonders of Eternity,
  And show my soul Thy sacred mercy-seat.

Omnipotent Thou didst exist, ere sun
Shone out in gairish blaze, the Eternal One,
  Ere restive matter's Proteus form assum'd
The vivid impress of thy plastic hand,
Ere tree or verdure deck'd the barren land,
Or thou had'st marshal'd yon celestial band
  To sing Thy praise, with holy light relum'd.

Ere to the rushing deep its bounds were laid,
Or the rude mountains in Thy scales were weigh'd,
  Retir'd in Thy heavenly essense Thou didst live.
Eternity reflects Thy wisdom bright,
Ages unborn, in their unwearied flight,
Will praise Thy love, and blessings infinite,
  For the kind fruits Thy bounteous hand doth give.

Yon orbs are but the pillars of Thy throne:
The heaven of heavens contains not Thee, alone;
  In Thy primeval power Thou sitt'st above,
Whilst worlds, by laws receiv'd at Nature's morn,
Roll at Thy feet, yon outstretch'd fields adorn,
And whisper of their mighty Maker's form,
  His heaven-wrought scheme of dear redeeming love.

How vast Eternity, Thy radiant Isle!
How great that Arm which rear'd you sinuous pile

Of worlds, a beacon to His glorious clime!
Though great, the painted pebble at my feet
Bespeaks his art; and, too, yon songster sweet,
E'en as Thy shoreless amplitude, replete
With monuments of Him, unharm'd by Time.

Amid this mighty maze of ambient spheres,
O! what a twinkling spot our world appears.
Great Architect! say, what can earth display
To Thy celestial mind? our empires fled,
And kingdoms crumbling with their mighty dead,
And where the Star of Bethlehem shone, the tread
Of Superstition holds its fearless sway.

Thou good Supreme! to Thy divine abode
Hath mission'd Mercy oped her heavenly road;
And though far other worlds, more vast and bright,
Flit by Thine eye, yet Thou art that kind Friend
Who feels our pains, who knows each thought we blend
In praise to Thee, who hears each prayer we send
Up to Thy throne, with pleas'd and rapt delight.

For us Thou bid'st the vital Seasons roll,
Science, Religion, radiate the soul,
Prolific Earth her store of food to bring;
The sparry caves of Ocean Thou didst form,

The castled cliff, the lightning and the storm,
The wood, the stream, the insect and the worm;
All, all, Eternal God, Thy glory sing.

Come, righteous Father, in Thine own good time,
And lead my soul amid those scenes sublime;
And in the speechless hour of failing breath,
O! emulate my soul with tuneful lays,
From those Æolian spheres, whose golden days
In bright succession flow, to sing Thy praise,
That Thou hast given a victory over Death.

MIDNIGHT WORSHIP.

Alone—alone! I'm all alone!
Communing with my weary breast;
Day with its plotting schemes has flown,
And I have lulled my cares to rest;
Not e'en the accustomed zephyrs come
To hold rapt converse with my lyre;
Sweet minstrels! they, too, have a home,
Where their unfettered wings retire.

Alone—alone! I'm all alone!
Yon prattling brook trips noiseless by;
Hushed is the owlet's plaintive moan,
And closed the captive's tearful eye:
Alone, how sweet to think of those
With whom I've trod life's onward way—
To rove amid the soft repose
Of childhood's pure, unclouded day.

Alone—alone! I'm all alone!
  There's not a breast my sighs to share;
Before the high Eternal's throne,
  Now let me pour my soul in prayer;
And while I 'bide with shrinking view,
  The chart my thoughts this day have run,
Oh, may I ask with faith anew,
  The blessings of another sun!

TO MY MOTHER.

Oh, if there be one thing above the rest,
In the whole aggregate of human good,
Which I would bind unto my heart, as pure
And constant, in the hour when adverse grief
Assails the breast, or joy dilates the eye,
And suns the restless spirit in its flight,
Mid things familiar to its happiness,—
It is my Mother.—She, who was the first
In the morning hour of infant sorrows,
To soothe the little pains, that palpably
The bosom felt; and sought to gratify
Each aimless want the untaught voice did crave;
And who, when weary days and nights passed on,
And infancy was ripening into childhood,
Still was vigilant o'er her pleasing task;
Deeming it enough of ecstacy, to shape
My wayward wanderings, and carefully
To instil within the expanding mind,

The choicest germs of youthful knowledge.
I well remember how she called me to
Her welcome side, and bent her knee in prayer;
And how the tear stole down her furrow'd cheek,
When fervently she prayed, "Father, oh shield
My child beneath thy hovering wing!" and, too,
How she did ever win my listening ear
With Bible tales—of him of ancient Gath,
Or him, who erst did smite gray Horeb's rock,
And led leagu'd Israel's children forth, amid
Etham's wild deserts.

Mother! since that time
Long years of strange vicissitudes have set
Their iron impress on this brow, which once
Was radiant with gay imaginings.
And Fortune's syren songs have tempted me;
And I have wander'd drinking deep and oft
The cup of bitterness.—But often mid
The sweet romance of some recurring scene,
I trace the fond similitude of home;
And dream myself again a child, whilst sounds,
Articulate with all a Mother's love,
Vibrate, how gently! on the listening ear.
Oh, say, what hoarded gem has this our earth,
So pure, so priceless as a *Mother's heart?*

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. T. D. HALE.

Crush'd bud of hope! Who hath not sigh'd—
Who hath not drop't the bitter tear—
When aught we've lov'd hath perished, died,
No more our longing sight to cheer?

Who hath not grasp'd some fav'rite hand,
When pulse and eye wax'd dull in death?
Who hath not seen a mourner stand
And watch a friend's expiring breath?

Who hath not gazed upon the dust,
Once partner of its pleasures sweet,
And thought how sacred is the trust,
Our parted spirits yet shall meet?

Shall meet, e'en though long years divide
Us from the form so dear to sight,
Beyond the dash of Jordan's tide,
In Eden realms of heavenly light.

Shall meet! Then rest thee, youthful worth,
For quiet is the grass-roofed bed;
Rest thee, from all the dreams of earth,
Till Jesus wakes the sheeted dead!

SABBATH MUSINGS.

I LOVE the Sabbath's sweet repose,
The holy calm its joys impart;
Soft as the Summer twilight's close,
Its sunshine melts upon the heart.

I love to lay earth's cares aside,
And lift the enfranchis'd soul in prayer:
To approach my bleeding Savior's side,
And soothe life's warring passions there.

'Tis sweet to leave the world behind,
And let no discords jar the breast—

To feel this Sabbath of the mind,
A prelude to an endless rest.

O, for the faith of Israel's King,
Or him who led their smitten band,
That I my bondag'd thoughts may bring,
From sin and sorrow's Midian land.

Great Prince of Peace! these blessings here,
May they my alien heart subdue,
And fit me for that happy sphere,
Where I Thy blessed face shall view.

CLOSET MEDITATIONS.

Thou holy place of praise and prayer,
Devotion's altar here below!
Thou home of bland communings, where
The heart embraces friend and foe!

Thou hallowed spot, where life's turmoil,
No longer chafes the tuneful breast!
Thou secret press, where grating toil,
Haunts not the Christian's peaceful rest!

How sweet to know Thou art the Way
That leads to Mercy's throne on high;
That while within Thy courts I pray,
Jehovah hears my feeble cry.

Oft may my laden heart come here,
Oft from its worldly cares retire;

And oft implore that willing ear,
That heeds the bosom's least desire.

Oft may I here with tearful eye,
For every foe a blessing crave:
O'er all my sinful errors sigh,
And think *who* died my soul to save!

And when in dust, this form so frail
Is laid—the eye forever dim—
Oh! may my soul, in sorrow pale,
Be wash'd, immaculate through HIM!

TO MY ÆOLIAN.

Oh, how thy song impassion'd strains,
  Come like sweet balm unto my breast!
My bosom knows nor feels no pains,
  But thou can'st soothe to quiet rest;
Soft is thy music's binding spell,
As that breath'd by the lone sea-shell;
Or as thy winning cadence leapt
From chords by cherub fingers swept,
Attun'd to angel's ravish'd ears,
Who dwell 'mid yonder starry spheres,
Where love first fledg'd his infant wing,
And learned his artless bow to spring.

Like dreams, in all their mimicry,
  Of tasted joys forever fled,
Thou hast a spirit moving key
  O'er memory's treasured dead.

As genial Spring unlocks the stream,
With dancing smiles upon its beam;
And throws o'er Winter's dense domain,
The soft exuberance of her reign;
Thus from the breast thy melting lay,
Dispels the gloom of care away;
And with its Heaven-born harmony,
Enkindles thoughts too pure to die.

Ay, dearer far, thy wind-swept notes,
Than from Judean harps arose;
Rich as the minstrelsy that floats,
In high Elysium's bright repose.
How vividly each trembling string,
Awakes some darling, perished thing;
And wafts the thoughts to childhood's hours,
When life's new path was strewed with flowers;
And breathes of many a cherish'd spot,
Which else, some hearts had been forgot,
Transports the mind from scene to scene,
'Till half it doubts they e'er have been.

Ecstatic Lyre! oft thrill my soul,
With thy beguiling, Orphean strain,
Lov'd as the last sweet glance, that stole
From one we ne'er may meet again!

Let others praise the pompous song,
But grant thy mellow numbers long!
Let others sigh for deathless fame,
Whilst thou can'st wake such rapturous flame!
Let others seek for bubbles bright,
In glaring pomp and festal light;
But I will flee their dazzling ray,
And list my fond Æolian play.

"AS THY DAY, SO THY STRENGTH SHALL BE."

When with a mournful heart I bow,
  By grief and care oppress'd;
When anguish clouds the changeful brow,
  And sorrow swells the breast;
When Fate, with all its treasured ills,
O'er joy a baleful gloom distils,
Then, Lord, I think on thy decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

When faintly flows life's vital stream,
  And earth's illusions fly;
Nor Beauty's ray, nor Pleasure's beam
  Illumes the languid eye;
When Hope's beguiling dreams depart,
Nor gird the sorrow-stricken heart,
Then to that promise do I flee,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

TO A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

Beautiful picture of the heart,
When life was an Eden of rest!—
Ere toil and grief had grown a part
Of the things of the human breast;
In playful radiance on thy brow,
How many a smile is wreathing now.

Thy lightsome foot is free to go,
'Mid flowery scenes uncoursed by care,
And on thy cheek no shade of wo
Has mantled its mildew there;
The language of thy glancing eye,
Breathes of thy bosom's harmony.

The shady brook, the tuneful rill,
Has music like thy artless voice;

And in thy speech there is a thrill
That makes the time-chafed soul rejoice;
And angel-visons brightly play
Around thy life's sweet holiday.

So spotless seems thy simple thought,
From erring sin and guile so free,
I ween thou think'st of Him who taught,
"*Let little children come to me*"—
And long by kindred virtue led,
May'st thou in His dear footsteps tread.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

How calmly fades the last expiring ray
Of yonder sun in twilight shades away,
Gilding the western portals of the sky,
With varied tints meet for the musing eye;
Whilst hymns of praise from sentient nature rise,
To Him who dwells in power beyond the skies,
E'en from the tiny leaflet and the tree,
Their harps are resonant with melody;
And balmy zephyrs from untrodden isles,
Where the spirit of light in beauty smiles;
Cheerfully on their soft unfettered wing,
A thousand fragrant odors grateful bring,
And ling'ring round the sombre lap of eve,
Indulgently to her their incense breathe.
Another day of joy and wo is past—
Another eve I'm nearer to my last.
What tidings has the messenger of life

Borne of my soul from this low vale of strife?
What needful blessings have I left undone?
How have I pass'd the lone and orphan one?
The poor, how have they sigh'd in want and pain,
How oft a scanty pittance plead in vain?
How have I wrong'd or given a heart offence?
How have I bow'd my soul in penitence?
Father, thou know'st my every thought and sin,
The ceaseless workings of this heart within!
Guide me life's journey through, my feet preserve,
"*Thou whose I am,*" Oh! could I add, "*and whom I serve;*"
And when this quiv'ring pulse grows dull in death,
And faintly comes the fast seceding breath,
Then, may my closing hours as brightly shine,
And leave as sweet a trace, past day, as thine.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

Sweet pensive Moon! How welcome is thy mellow light,
To the pale student's weary eye,
As from his bookish toil, thou meet'st his languid sight,
And check'st his bosom's rising sigh.
Cynthia, blest thy mission! In friendship's sacred mien,
The lone, the poor, the needy and opprest,
Thou visitest; not only mid the rich thou'rt seen,
But comest to the captive's place of rest,
As erst thou did'st to imprison'd Peter's!—How sweet,
Thy pure and virgin rays,
Gilding, like woman's love, the varied scenes that meet
Thy soft alchemic gaze;
Companion of my musing hours, the teeming thoughts that swell
Within my youthful breast, calm moon, oh, I do love thee well!

THE WINDS.

THERE is an awful spirit-stirring voice
In the weird breathings of the unchain'd winds,
That wakes the soul to deep sublimity!
Eternity's Unseen Omnipresent
How volubly their clarion-trumps proclaim,
As they indignantly their journey take,
Startling the hollow wood with vengeful tones,
And o'er the brooding deep belch forth their ire
'Till mountain waves in horrid attitude
Leap up; and its wandering pilgrim deems
They combat with th' unbending will of heaven!
And when from their dark conflicts they retire,
And the chaf'd Ocean in its caverned depths,
Folds up its bosom's rage, how solemnly
They then hold silent converse with the breast,
Wafting the thoughts to Him whose interdict
Unnumber'd systems bide!

Foiled Philosopher,
Robed in the rich panoply of knowledge!
Like as the prurient child sports with its toys,
The Winds, they gambol with thy reason's bounds;
For whence they come, and where they go, alas!
Thou can'st not tell.

A FRIEND.

Not he, who robed in Fortune's gilded stole,
And honor gay, and high estate,
Who deems it magnanimity of soul,
To boast a kindred with the great;
But he whom Virtue prompts to hover nigh,
Through all life's change the heart to tend,
In pleasure's hour to smile, in grief's to sigh—
This is the bosom's truest friend!

'TIS EVER THUS.

Thus wings my every good,
My every bliss from earth's unfriendly clime!
A blessing dawns and then, perchance, puts on
The fairest robe of Hope's gay livery,
And with its germing wakes the promise sweet
To yield a fruitage rich of fadeless joys.
But scarce its glittering petals drink the dew
Of one fair morn, ere on its parent stem
It droops with pale disease, or rudely snapt
The attenuate tie, in tinsel'd shreds
Is scattered wide by merc'less Fate.

'Tis thus
My soul, with earthly joys; nor wonder at
Their brief acquaintanceship, since Reason proves
Their less than dross from life's just crucible,

And points beyond this sable realm, by grief
And sorrow curtain'd o'er.

Then wisely speed
Life's toilsome day in Virtue's thornless paths,
That when the gelid hand of Death, shall give
This mortal frame in quiet to the dust,
Thou then may'st soar exulting o'er the tomb,
And win that holy plaudit, heaven adjudg'd
The faithful few.

SABBATH MORNING.

Sweet Sabbath morn!
How welcome to the heart borne down
With grief's corroding cares, thy fond approach!
Disrobed of earthly thraldom's cankering thoughts,
The eager soul leaps forth in joyful prayer,
To greet thy dawn along the blushing east.
How mute and calm! The deaf'ning din and strife,
And gross turmoil of this tumultuous world,
Are hushed in deep repose. All nature seems
To join in one glad jubilee of praise—
E'en from the leaflet to the hoary oak—
The streamlet, and the mountain tow'ring high.
Devotion plumes her seraph-wings fresh at
The fount of heavenly bliss, while o'er the heart
Her Eden strains in soothing cadence roll,
Sweet as those soft prelusive notes, the Christian hears,
When on the dying bed.

And this the day
My Saviour rent the prison's gloomy folds—
And burst the clayey gyves that bound him to
The cheerless tomb! Ay, yes, thrice hallow'd day!
And can there be a wretch, (for wretch he is,)
That will not lift the heart in prayer to him
Who bled and died on Calvary's rugged heights,
To plead, with love's persuasive eloquence,
Remission for this dark, benighted world?
My soul, O, raise thy infant voice on high,
And pray, that when earth's vague illusions cease,
To cast their Upas-shadows round this crumbling dome,
Thou then may'st soar unfettered through the skies
To where a never-ending Sabbath reigns.

A REFLECTION ON THE CLOSED WEEK.

And thou, brief child of Time,
Hast done thine errand here, so *fare thee well!*
Unsullied from the hand of God thou cam'st,
And well hast meted out another draught
From vast Eternity's unfailing fount—
Go, speed thy heaven-ward flight, and tell the tale
To angels' wakeful ears, what thou hast learnt
Of erring man.

The dark deciphered page
O'erfraught with black blasphemy's stains—the lusts,
The foul, inglorious lusts of earthly pomp—
And all the monitory notes of sin,
Unfold before heaven's retributive bar.

And thou hast seen the child of Pleasure toss'd
Upon the reeking surge of time, the sport

Of every veering joy :—high Babels crush'd,
Reared on the fabric of some tott'ring hope—
The jealous miser watch his mammon store
Of yellow dust, and give no nobler range
To thought, immortal thought, than in the gaunt,
Bewilder'd maze of sordid wealth. Go, bear
The deep, abiding curse on high, and swell
The catalogue of time forever lost ;—
Go, read the fate of earth's penurious sons,
Whose famish'd hand and rueful prayer have plead
With anxious toil to melt the iron mask
Of sin, that screens the felon soul of tyranny ;—
That Upas lust which stains the 'scutcheon sheet
Of Freedom's new and boasted clime. Go, bear
The fratricidal page of brothers linked
By nature's firmest ties, that baleful root,
Which erst did spread in Eden's glorious realm.
Another boon of time succeedeth thee—
Perchance 'twill leave a brighter leaf on high,
For angels' eyes to scan.

THE MISANTHROPE'S REVERIE.

Yon drowsy clock hath chimed the hour of twelve,
And left me brooding o'er life's vanquished joys.—
How hush'd ! Not e'en the wanton zephyrs come
To cool my heated brow, or play among
These whiten'd locks ; nor steal from yonder copse
The dulcet strains of Nature's choristers,
Which oft beguile my solitary hours.
Alone, unknown, unloved, I live.—But, ah !
It was not always thus. In life's fair morn
I roved beneath her ambient skies, and drank
The luring draught from Mirth's Circean cup,
Nor deem'd the dregs of Grief conceal'd beneath.
'Tis true, that Penury denied the smiles
Of pride and pomp, yet cradled in her lap;
Life's morning hours serenely flew, and sweet
Were all my childhood's joys divinely sweet.

My Father's humble cot!—the buried smiles
Of Youth's Favonian spring, are sleeping there;
And oft excursive Fancy wafts me back
To that familiar spot, while Memory
Unfolds the page of innocence to view.
Aside from city's crowd, or hamlet's din,
Embower'd 'mid forest trees alone it stood.
The architect, unborrow'd taste quite well
Might boast, for artificial show he deem'd
Unwholsome to simplicity and ease.
Dame Nature, fond of neat attire, or else
From pity to the Rustic's straiten'd lot,
Was lavish with her choicest ornaments.
Around the welcome door, in mantling folds,
The woodbine crept, and at the window's side
The modest rosebush rais'd its blushing head;
And, too, the fragrant thyme and chaste hairbell,
Emitted odors to the breeze, as sweet as e'er
Diffus'd Idumea's sunny groves of old.
The verdant green, in velvet vestments dress'd,
Where oft my youthful feet did wander free,
To soothe the lassitude of summer's toil—
Where I did list the sound of neighb'ring stream,
As sweetly to the passing gale it sigh'd,
Which fan'd its dimpled cheek—the vista filled
To my endeared home. Here 'twas I lived,

And spent Life's sorrowless and happy morn.
Ay, blissful scenes does Memory's magic wand
Awake at thought of thee, secluded spot!
With what ambitious dreams I early hailed
The distant village school, where first the maid
So coy, in russet gown, and apron blue,
With quaintest rules did teach the list'ning mind
Its simple lore, in modulation sweet,
Elate to win well merited applause.
Each morn when mother's hand had neatly pin'd
The checker'd kerchief by my side, and plac'd
Upon my arm the basket kindly stor'd
With frugal food for noontide's sweet repast,
With merry step I sped the rural way,
And eager join'd the sportive school-boy throng,
Who pierc'd the welkin with their jocund shouts;—
Or with some friend would seek the silent nook,
And tell of shapeless ghosts and bloody deeds,
And tales of other times, till gladsome peals
Announced the approach of her, so excellent
To discipline each mind to Duty's calls.
And when the smiling hours of school were past
While festive bands tript o'er the quiet green
In giddy sports, and raised the loud eclat,
To cheat the tardy hours of dull remorse,
And cheer the lagging wing of time, I, too,

Would hie me o'er the blooming fields, and joy
To reach the fav'rite stream, whose pensive notes
Were soft as though Pactolus' golden sands
And pearly groves it rolled above. Here would
I trim the barque, extend the scanty sail;
And then launch forth on the advent'rous stream
With all the pride of Egypt's boasted queen,
When erst she sailed the Cydnus' placid tide.
At evening's retrospective hour, how oft,
My heart enraptur'd with the plaintive notes
Of Philomel, I've lain me by its brink
On grassy couch, and watch'd the tiny rill
As with a fairy tread it softly came,
And leap'd among the pebbles on the strand,
And dash'd its sparkling crest with one low sigh
In beauty at their feet. And thus weak man,
Who, having play'd Life's fickle part—
And charmed a soul, immortal in its make,
With Pleasure's airy dreams, and gilded toys,
In silence casts them down, then heaves one groan
And breaks, a fleeting bubble, in their sight.
How oft yon distant church, with bick'ring spire
That seems to point to brighter worlds, has wooed
From latent ills these inexperienced feet.
The Sabbath-school, where meek Religion's lore
Diffused perennial sweets in every breast,

Unfolded Heaven's immortal joys to sight!
An early blessing gave, which oft has staid
The chill disquietudes, and racking cares
Of after life.

Such were the scenes that met
My early view, when erst the rosy morn
Of cloudless infancy I hailed. Such were
The thornless sweets enamor'd Nature strew'd
Across the path my bounding footsteps trod.
Such were the joys from which I drew my chart
Of human life. Alas! O, fancied bliss!
I smil'd to weep. Ingenuous and kind
I'd found the few within my narrow sphere,—
So fram'd romantic schemes of high emprise.
Ambition came, o'erfraught with pictured scenes
Of great renown, and in my nightly dreams,
Like airy sylph, she softly crept, and led
Through Fancy's labyrinthian mazes wild,
The willing soul. Sweet sorceress, that cast
Illusive haloes 'round Life's halcyon morn!
How serpent-like, in Virtue's fairer stole,
Thy am'rous tales beguiled my wayward heart;
And captive led me from the bower of peace,
And Home's domestic sweets, amid the cares,
The cold intrigues, and heartless pomps

Of this deluded world. Oh! sad reverse!
With eager heart, I sought the gayest scenes
To cull sweet pleasures from a giddy world.
But, ah! the purest Hyblian sweet conceal'd
A germing thorn, and with its treach'rous mask
It made me twice a beggar—doubly poor!
Each day some choice concerted plan, or else
A fond resolve was blotted from my sight.
Gay friends, unlike the constant loves of home,
Would linger 'round while Fortune's sun shone bright,
But half reluctant weep if sorrow frown'd,
Or Fate her shadows flung across my path.
A thief more kind than they! obsequious foes!
Who by their vile pretence did ossify
The heart, and leave it on the rack of hate,
And made my soul abhor Earth's silken sons.
Well had she loathed Ambition first, then miss'd
Their hostile shafts, and Sorrow's keen remorse.
Insidious arts they link'd around my soul,
Till wreck'd the fondest hopes my heart espous'd,
And in the bitterness of speech I curs'd
Their tinsel'd joys and pomps. I wander'd far,
And found my golden world a dark opaque—
Dissimulation's smile, that foul gangrene
To earthly bliss, the sweetest courtesy
That beam'd among the pageant blandishments

Of gay Refinement's re-created sons.—
Alas! how deep, how strong the change we make,
When, heedless of our future joys and pains,
We toss the comely garb of Nature off,
As though the reckless soul despis'd a robe,
Which angels wear in presence of their King;
And joy to shine in gaudy diadems
O'er-tinsel'd with the dew drops of an hour!
Such was the mournful change I found in me
When charmed by the syren songs of mirth,
My soul was dancing o'er Death's beet'ling brink,
And chanc'd to wander back the varied path
Of human ills, to Childhood's happy hours.
Plung'd deep, bewilder'd in the murky vale
Of sordid sense, my heart had reveled long,
And thought to pluck, from evanescent plants,
Honor, fortune, and high renown. But, ah!
How soon they fled the over-reaching grasp!
Like water to the lip of Tantalus,
They came to lure, and vanished soon as sought.
Alas! how oft I shar'd in innocence
The frowns, and biting scoffs of envious man!
And, too, how firmly Malice coiled around
My heart's warm core, and with her poisonous fang
Conceal'd beneath, ate from its vital spark.

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Long years, with all the change mutation makes,
Have fled their varying rounds, since first I came
To dwell in this rude spot, and here revoke
The once deserted bower of peace and love.
Here, 'mid these rural scenes 'tis sweeter far
To fill the thread of being out, than nurs'd
In city's feculence and mirth, to steel
The heart to every sense that duty wakes,
And force impartial Reason from her throne.
Here are no melting strains from timbrel loud;
No wakeful lute with love inspiring tones,
Nor volant feet to thread the mazy dance;
But stern precursive notes the thunders breathe,
And volubly the lightning's glaring tongue
Speaks more of Arm Almighty—of King of kings,
Than proud Philosophy, with all her tomes
Of pond'rous weight, search'd from the glitt'ring mines
Of human lore!

And shall I dare address
My untaught strain to Thee, Almighty God!
Thou blest Omnipotent! unseen by mortal eye,
But not unknown to mortal ear! And shall
These feeble heart-strings tune their broken chords

In praise of Thee, Jehovah! Lord o'er all
The thousand worlds that swing in endless space!
To whom Archangels bow the knee in praise,
And sing the wonders of Thy mighty works?
And ye, bright wand'rers of the upper deep
Whose height bespeaks your make and origin!
And what are ye? revolving worlds like ours?
Or were ye placed, illumin'd Pharoi, there,
To guide kind Mercy on her missions down
To this low world. Perchance, ye lived as now,
A congregated band, when on the void
Of infinite abyss, the Almighty's hand
Elanced this world into the shoreless sea
Of vast infinity! Or, are ye veins
Of Him, conveying high intelligence
Of immortality to erring man?
Man, O how frail a thing he seems, compar'd
With aught the Almighty's made. The very dust
He treads is eloquent with speech, and pins
Him to an argument, his *noble* mind
Can not refute. O, ye proud sons of earth,
And princes of our land, caparison'd
Around with pomp and pride, like mendicants
Ye seem to yon bright stars, that stud the plain
Of sable Night! "They neither toil nor spin,"
And yet outshine your monuments of art!

And ye who waste the healthful fires of life
To rove o'er classic fields; what though ye trim
With care the midnight lamp, and spin your threads
Of subtle sophistry! What though attired
In Fame's resplendent robes, like Cæsar great,
Ye soar Empyrean heights and wake a world,—
Then powerless fall beneath the hand of Death!
Earth's proudest pomps, what traitors to the heart!
What moment flies, but that with reptile hand
It steals some budding joy, or breaks some tie
Of earthly bliss, and leaves the heart diseased.

Here, from the bustling scenes—the gay turmoils,
And mingled train of dark vicissitudes,
That throng the chequer'd path of thoughtless man,
Let me but watch the languid pulse recede,
Each ebbing pain and care from life depart;
And when its evening ray exhales in night,
Death's dark impervious night, supernal joys!
Then shed your guiding lustre 'round my soul,
And haste its upward flight, unfetter'd from
The rayless tomb, to Heaven's empyreal fields
Of endless and ineffable delight.
Deceitful man! what though I die unwept!
What though kind pity shed no passing tear,
Nor friends should gather to their dreamless aisle,

These crumbling bones the lone Misanthrope leaves!
Yet they, yon Genii of the peaceful night,
Will shed their stellar virtue o'er my tomb,
And when the God of justice comes to wake,
Alike from pyramids and humble graves,
The dead from ages back—when Time expires,
And, with the lab'ring World's, his final groan
Shall pierce the harden'd heart of Death, then I,
Amid the assembled band, shall rise to where
NOR PRIDE, NOR POMP, NOR HATE CAN EVER COME.

LINES TO A BROTHER AT PARTING.

'Tis past! 'tis past! the last farewell,
And parting gaze are o'er,
Those thrilling tones, and accents, swell
My lab'ring heart no more:
How could I leave the lap of home—
The cradle of delight,
A wayward, reckless youth, to roam
Where sorrows dim the sight?

Away, away! the fretting wheels,
And steed, how swift they run;
My green thatch'd cot, ah, how it reels
And glimmers in the sun!
The dappled green that hems it in,
Where oft, with merry feet,
We tripp'd the sportive chase to win,
To me, though lost, how sweet!

And see, just where yon purling brook
So sweetly ripples by ;
'Twas there we watch'd, with joyous look,
Our tiny vessel ply ;
'Twas there we framed the pleasing scheme,
How stations high we'd fill,
And though, like phantoms of a dream,
They flit around me still.

And there's the white-spir'd church : that bell,
Which tolls the hour of prayer,
Methinks it peal'd just twice as well,
When last it woo'd me there.
The Sabbath School—I little thought
'Twould wake such holy flame,
When first a mother meekly taught
Our dear Redeemer's name.

Alas! the fairest scene of joy,
In childhood's greener day,
Fate's wintry winds will soon destroy,
And blacken with decay :
This brow was once untouched by care—
This heart how light and free—
But rigid time is writing there
Its frail mortality.

A THOUGHT ON AN INFANT'S DEATH.

A BLOSSOM 'neath life's morning sun,
That's cast upon the stream;
A day whose fleeting course has run,
Is all its life did seem.

A sunbeam sporting in the sky,
A shadow on the wave,
And germing hopes, that fade and die,
Are trophies of its grave.

It's gone to that pure world above,
Forever freed from care:
And, nurtur'd with a Savior's love,
'Twill bloom immortal there.

HYMN.

Jesus, great Sovereign of the skies,
  Whose precious blood for man was spilt,
Who bore death's pains and agonies,
  Atoning for a world in guilt;—

When shall I burst these abject chains,
  That bind my soul to scenes of wo,
And flee where Christ my Savior reigns,
  Where streams of healing riches flow?

O! how my spirit pants to soar,
  And win the Christian's holy race,—
To be where sorrows sting no more,
  And view my Maker face to face.

Yes, fain my soul would wing its way
  To realms beyond the eagle's sight,
'Mid scenes of an eternal day,
  Unknown to Time's resistless flight.

LINES,

Suggested on viewing the remains of the house occupied by David Brainard while residing with the Indians at Kaunaumick, between Stockbridge, Mass. and Albany, N. Y.

Dim years, which weave a mystic spell o'er all,
Have chang'd the rugged face of this lone spot,
Since first, to seek a Missionary's home,
The lengthen'd aisles of these unbroken woods
Echoed thy coming.

Meek Religion's child!
What holy thoughts thy bosom nursed! what deeds
Matured! what needful acts of charity,
The welcome stranger shar'd! what saint-like love
And eloquence within thy breast were cradled,
When erst thou left home's fond familiar scenes,
Its dear domestic ties and circles sweet,
To teach the love of Christ amid these wilds,
Where rang nought save the Indian's startling yell.

With what untiring zeal, thy spirit bore
The shocks and injuries of want, trusting in Him
Who is the Rock of Ages—the Fountain Head—
From whence rich streams of living mercy flow.

The palace of the rich, their dazzling joys,
And all life's foreign vaunts, were not so dear
To thy contented eye, as the humble couch,
The straw-thatched cabin, and the scanty meal.
Brainard! how oft, where stood this crumbling pile,
Thou'st girded closely to thy shielding breast,
The weary flock! and as they fainting hung
Upon thy speech, and sent the inquiring glance,
Hast taught their thirsting souls a Savior's love!
And oft, where rose thy chosen favorite shade,
Screen'd from the piercing rays of mid-day sun,
Didst thou unfold the Bible's sacred page;
And in the fervor of thy chastened soul,
Unbend thy kindling thoughts in wakeful prayer,
For them, who, Pilate-like, with searching eye,
Ask'd, trembling—"*what is truth?*"

Servant of God!
What were the lofty domes of pomp and pride,
The boasted badge of power and circumstance,
And all the gilded train of meteor joys?

What were they, at the closing hour of life,
To that approving soul, which bore the toils
And burthens of the poor, and thus fulfilled
The "*law of Christ?*"

STANZAS.

And what is life? 'tis but a dream,
An idle hope o'erhung by fate,
Gay love, on Time's disast'rous stream,
Forsaken and disconsolate:
An opening flower that drinks the dews
Of morn, then droops beneath the sun,
A blast, from Winter's plains that strews
The works which Summer's hand begun.

And what is death? 'tis but to give
A draught of Lethe to mortal cares,

Then freed from grief and pain, to live,
And breathe in Heaven's serener airs;
To burst this cerement of clay
That binds the Immortal to its trust,
And led by meek Religion's ray
To soar triumphant from the dust.

Life's sparkling joys are brief as bright,
That throng our path in mingled train;
And pleasure's soft Circeian light
But lures the soul to deeper pain.
Earth's pageant pomp is tossed back
To Fortune's shrine, at Death's command,
Nor cheers its pale delinquent's track,
When sorrows press on every hand.

My wish, the soft and grassy bed
Where whisp'ring winds can gently sigh,
As o'er my dreamless tomb they tread—
The tears of early sympathy.
No column'd marble to rehearse
My glaring faults, or virtues few,
Remembrance, transient as my verse,
Is all that's to my mem'ry due.

STANZAS.

What is it, o'er life's stormy sea,
By waves of sin and sorrow driven,
That bids the gloom of anguish flee,
And points the way to yonder Heaven?
Religion.

When 'neath the sunny skies of youth we tread
The brightest sphere of earthly bliss,
When joy and hope their richest lustre shed,
What guides to worlds more dear than this?
Religion.

When the gay spring of life shall cease to be,
And beauty weeps her quick decay,
What guides our wandering hearts to Thee,
Thou Ruler of Eternal Day?
Religion.

When sickness lingers o'er this earthly frame,
And anguish clouds the weary breast;
When mortal dust returns to dust again,
What gives the parting soul its rest?
Religion.

THE FAREWELL.

And must I leave each blooming scene,
So fondly wrought in mem'ry's view,
The dancing brook, the peaceful green,
And all the haunts my childhood knew?
My joyous sports 'neath Summer's moon,
The evening chase down yonder lane,
And must I leave them all so soon—
And never taste their sweets again?

And must I leave, oh, Brother dear,
Our rural walks, our woodland bower?

Sweet Philomel, and will she cheer
My heart no more at twilight's hour?
A Sister watchful to her care
Who rock'd me in my cradle-bed,
Who strove each seeming ill to share,
And smiles of love around me shed.

The Father kind, who on his knee
So often placed his infant boy,
Who joined with him in sportive glee
And mark'd each rosy smile of joy;
And must I pluck me from my home,
These ties and scenes of pure delight,
On life's unfriendly sea to roam,
No kindred smile to cheer my sight?

And thou, the fondest and the best,
The firmest of all earthly ties,
Who, to thy bosom oft hast prest
Me when a child, and closed my eyes
In downy sleep, who hung above
My couch when sickness stung the breast,
And taught the infant lay of love—
And must I leave thee with the rest?

And will no Mother longer bless
  Her cherish'd one, his shrinking sight?
No Father's guarding hand caress,
  Nor pray for him at vesper light?
Ay, yes, though distance intervene,
  Could I become estranged and cold,
They'll think of me in every scene,
  And wish me in their sheltering fold.

THOUGHTS.

I know not what of change,
Of joy or wo, another hour may bring!
I can not tell what scenes may greet my eye,
Or pierce my bosom's inmost core, e'en in
The rapid flight of one brief moment, yet
Unnumbered, yet unborn.

Perchance my heart
May overflow in its excess of joy,
Making the world a home too sweet for Care;
Or the cold hand of Grief may rudely break
Some tuneful chord, too sensitive to meet
The disappointing blights and phrenzied ills
Of this unreal life.

Perchance some friend,
A playmate in the sunny hours of youth,

When Time and Pleasure, wed in harmony,
Flew unmolested on, may welcome back
To Memory's view, the many blissful days
Of childhood sports we shared together then;
And tell how since that time of pleasure won,
That only golden link in life's long chain
That's defecate from human wo, he's sighed,
And laid in anguish down, and cursed, and mourned.

Perchance some one I long have fondly loved,
For whom my cheek has worn its brightest smiles,
For whom mine eye has oftenest shed its tears,
When pain or sorrow rack'd his kindred breast,
Has spurned to be my friend.

Perhaps, too, soon,
This heart may weep o'er one laid low in dust,
Whose constant care has ever been to guide
Me safely from the latent ills of vice,
And place my feet within the narrow way
That leads to joy unceasing.

I, perchance,
May breathe my last before another hour
Shall end its change: e'en while my blood runs free
Its errands through this active frame—e'en while

Ambition lures me on from scene to scene—
While hopes are high, and life is in its morn,
Death's unrelenting hand may seal these lips
Which now articulate to thought, and close
In his sad, silent sleep, these tearful eyes!
Oh! drear uncertainty of *time to come!*
May it be thus, that the frail nothingness
Of earthly joys already reap'd, may teach
My soul, should e'en another day or hour
The great eternal Arbiter of life
Allot it here, to garner up a store,
Which in its final inquest at the bar
Of Heaven, shall meet the approving plaudit
Of the high God of mercy!

TO A STAR.

Bright cresset of the solemn night!
Type of that high, all seeing One, who shap'd
In origin's fair mould this rolling world;
Who framed thy beauteous form, and placed thee, too,
Amid the realm of yon symphonious spheres,
A voucher of His high omnipotence!
Perchance, thou lived'st ere from chaotic gloom
This mystic world was summon'd forth, before
The journeying sun shone out, or moon looked forth
Upon the vast abyss of silent space.
High o'er this delug'd globe of bitterness
Thou hast thy trackless course, unhearing aught
From the hoarse enginery of Sin and Death,
The swollen wails of grief and wo, that pierce
The ensanguined heart in this deluded world.
Perchance, to thy fair home beyond this drear
Domain, sweet echo wafts ambrosial strains
From some celestial Eden to thy ear.

Perchance the welcome zephyr comes to fan
Thy peaceful brow o'erladen with the songs
Of this low world's redeemed.

I may not know
Thy lot, enshrouded in this mortal frame,
I am not taught in fam'd Chaldea's lore;
Nor can I win thy fond acquaintanceship,
Sweet Star! yet though thou may'st have lived whilst dim
Centenial years have urged their silent course;
Whilst Babylon's high towers were totering on
Their crumbling base; whilst Ruin's hollow hand
Insatiate fed on Tyre, and laid Jerusalem
A desert waste; thou, too, must soon suspend
Thy happy course, and share with plodding man
In Nature's universal tomb.

A MOTHER TO HER CHILD AT PARTING.

My child, my child! oh, ne'er forget
  Thy sacred bower of prayer—
The mother's form that fondly bent
  To list thy worship there;
The paths of life, alas, I fear
  Will snare thy youthful feet;
The world's best smile is cold and drear
  To home's endear'd retreat.

I cannot bear, oh God! I must,
  Thou art the orphan's stay—
Can'st guide from sin's o'erwhelming gust,
  His inexperienced way.
My son, my son, then may'st thou lean
  On Him through every care,
Whose kind preserving arm did screen
  Thee in thy bower of prayer.

STANZAS.

How sweet a thing is death!
To cast life's glit'ring baubles by;
And feel that, earth's dark conflicts o'er,
The soul on some bright Eden shore,
Will fondly ope the exulting eye,
Beyond Corruption's breath.

How blest the grave's repose,
Its quiet, soft, unbroken calm!
No care molests its deep profound,
No bustle throngs its hallow'd ground;
But there the bosom finds a balm,
To mitigate its woes.

The tomb the prophets trod,
And patriarchs and seers of old;
The Incarnate cheer'd its portals drear,
When the red sun was veil'd in fear;
Its paths, they lead to Heav'n's bright fold,
The City of our God.

A FRAGMENT.

The busy world—
It little recks what thoughts may crowd within
The secret chamber of a breast let loose
From its oppressive thraldom. How the soul,
When in its native glory it mounts up,
And on its eagle pinion traverses
In its unfettered joy, the swelling deep
Of dread Eternity's profound domain,
Exultingly from earth's black coilings springs
And spurns to stoop to her communion!

Sicken'd of all the grovelling pursuits,
And imbecilities, and cheating pomps,
That mingle life's inebriate cup, I sit,
Intensely gazing on a maniac world.
Ambition's vaunted fool, with searching eye
Most tensely bent on Mammon's siroc curse,

Grasps at life's little store of borrowed joys;
And in such vile companionship, unnerves
That holy feeling in the living breast
Which links us to the thrilling sympathies
Of those pure spirits, who, with guardian wings,
Hover around us in our daily paths,
Waking the surcharged breast to such rapt notes
As are poured forth by seraph harps on high,
In the awed gaze of angel multitudes.

And he who courts the breath of Fame, and feeds
The lamp of genius with rich aliment
Collected from the massive tomes of seers
And sages of old time,—say, what, when Death,
Implacable to his persuasive strains,
Shall burst the gilded bubble that chained down
His soul in constant servitude,—is left,
But a faint sound, a name, perchance, to dwell
Upon the ear of some congenial friend
A few brief hours, and then, a worthless thing,
Pass off into oblivion?

What is there in
The tricks of Fashion and her blandishments,
That so like necromancy should subdue
Beneath her proud supremacy, a mind

Gifted with glorious thought and high desires,
And formed in God's own dread similitude?
Yet thus it is! And we who claim to search
For joys which perish not, are but too prone
To cling to the illusive dreams that pave
Our pathway to that silent, voiceless hall,
Where moulder in Death's equal fellowship,
The pageant and the slave!

What but a sigh
That is breathed out from sorrow-stricken hearts
When none are nigh to soothe their agony—
What but a glance such as the stranger gives
To one his bosom knows not, nor may see
In this wide world again—is all the joy
That's center'd in the mould of earth's light dreams?
And oh! for that poor heart, however rich
In Science' diamond wealth, which plodding on
Where crumbling nature must lie down in peace,
Deems the cold grave a home, where the sick soul
Expires, to sleep a sleep that breaks not ever!
But ah! when these weak fev'rish forms, which now
We idly decorate, are lying low
Mid life's dismembered frailties, the soul
Which once breathed out its essence, shall live on—
Yea, it shall live for ever! Eternity

Is blended in its very being's woof,
Or why should turn the fond breast's strong aspirings,
With ardent hope and burning wish, to strike
In blest affinity their rooting *there*,
As turns the sentient plant its tender veins
To soil nutritious?

Yea, the soul shall live!
And, disencumbered of what here conspired
To chain its tameless might, revel in truths
Veiled from the mortal eye, and deep within
The bosom of its immortality!

TO MY NATIVE RIVER.

Beautiful stream! again I stand
With youth's enraptured eye,
And watch thy waves that kiss the strand,
And hear their last sweet sigh:
Again I feel the rustling breeze
That wakes the woods to glee,
And hear the songsters from the trees
Chant their sweet melody.

The wild rose gently bows its head
Beneath the summer skies,
Where the murmuring bee with fairy tread,
Loads his golden thighs;
And the willow waving in the light,
Bends thy printless waters o'er,
As when, in childhood's hours so bright,
I sported on thy shore.

Sweet smiling river! O! how oft,
When freed from giddy care,
I've listened to thy music soft,
And lisp'd my evening prayer!
How oft at twilight's pensive calm,
I've heard the sky-lark's song,
And felt the breeze's dewy balm,
That bore its notes along!

Calm stream! those halcyon days are o'er,
When wrapt in youthful maze,
I lingered by thy winding shore,
Where many a streamlet plays;
But still to thee, transporting days!
The muse her song shall swell;
To thee I'll tune my sweetest lays—
Beautiful stream—farewell!

A WATCH WITH THE DEAD.

And can it be!—and can it be!
Is this but dust I look upon? alas!
How sorrow-stricken stands the weeping soul,
Arraigned by Nature's common law, to view
That solemn scene which Death's unflattering hand
Will soon present of me!

But yesterday
I marked this fallen bud of love, swelled high
With timeful energy.—The mantling flush
Of health and joy suffused his blooming cheek;
The restless eye surveyed life's varied page,
And pictured schemes of sunny bliss.—Bright deeds
Were ripening in his swelling breast, to cast
Their diamond-harvest off for vaunted hours.
Ill-fated youth! to thy enchanted eye,
How Hope, sweet artisan, had finely wrought

In Titian dyes earth's gayest scenes.
Alas! and in the morning prime of youth,
Ere life had canceled half its promised joys,
Death coldly came and struck the icy blow.—
A few faint groans was all thy soul exchanged,
Whilst angels whispered "peace," and bore thee thus,
In Pleasure's festal hour, beyond the dash
Of Time's hoarse wave.

A few brief hours will speed
Their onward flight, and then the gathering train
Will bear thee to the grave-yard's household aisle;
Alas! how will the aged father lean
Upon his staff, and bow in speechless grief—
The doating mother wipe the briny tear
From off her furrowed cheek, when last they see
The prison's gloomy valve is pressed, and hear
The solemn rite of—*dust to dust.*

How oft
'Tis thus, whilst Life's high current warms the vein—
Whilst Pleasure's ebbing tide delights the soul
With fancied sounds—we see the firm in youth
Tread the rough surge of Time's eventful sea—
Unconcious Heaven so soon will claim its own.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MISS SARAH F. DAVIS.

THEY'VE laid her on the sable bier;
And yonder opes a new-made grave:
See! mournfully they drop the tear,
And render up to Him who gave.
They lay her in the thankless dust:
Oh! God, my breast their feelings spare;
They yield to sorrow's stifling gust:
Alas! such grief they cannot bear.

And is the silent dust her home?
Ah! no: the spirit dwells not there;
A winged cherub doth it roam?
Or linger here? or whence? or where?
Methinks it has an angel's wing,
Soars where yon mazy systems play,
Hears new creations, as they sing
And shout the birth of rising day.

It was not meet that she should dwell
Where care enchains the youthful foot;
Where Pleasure hangs her syren spell,
And Sorrow strikes its baleful root.
Earth has no lov'd abiding place:
We're exiles from our Father's hand—
Life's pilgrimage is but a race,
A journey to the promis'd land.

No longer by the sweet fire-side,
Her gentle form is hov'ring round;
No more at quiet evening-tide,
Is heard her voice's tuneful sound:
The very place she used to sit,
The chair, and all, are empty now—
O, memory, what phantoms flit
Across the grief-distracted brow!

No more her glad'ning prayer and hymn
From round the sacred altar rise;
Amid the holy seraphim,
She sings redemption in the skies.—
Transplanted from this vale of wo,
She wanders on a brighter shore,
Where, from the Rock of Ages, flow
Salvation's streams for evermore.

Who would not leave this world of sin,
Of pain, of sorrowing, and strife,
Ere dark corruption had let in
One stain upon the page of life?
Who would not hail the hour of death,
The harbinger of endless rest,
When but to yield the fleeting breath,
Secures the mansions of the blest?

What father would not joy to give
The child that sits upon his knee,
To Jesus' arms, with Him to live,
And spend a bright eternity?
What doating mother would not smile
To see her offspring wing its flight,
Where Folly's harp-strings ne'er beguile,
Nor leagued afflictions dim the sight?

Mourners, like stricken Jairus, bow,
And worship at your Maker's feet;
For she you weep is living now
In Heaven's celestial regions sweet.
Praise God that thus, in life's fair morn,
He laid her young, unfrosted head
Where sorrow has no rankling thorn,
To sleep till wake the summon'd dead.

LINES.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

O! this is love indeed! His only Son he gave,
Thus to redeem the world from an insolvent grave,
A world dyed deep in lust, and foul Blasphemy's arts:
And e'en the calloused crimes at which the sinner starts;
And cheer'd the gloomy portals of the tomb, by Him,
For whom when in the pains of death the sun grew dim.
Can angels in their Eden—orbs of bliss consigned,
Bask in the pure ethereal of that heavenly mind?
Can they who pass from this our sin-polluted realm,
Breathe in His presence bright? Such love should overwhelm,
O man! thy earth-bowed soul e'en in the lifeless dust;
And yet we trample on that arm in which we trust!

His Son, endeared by more, far more than mortal ties,
His *only* Son, He gave a mortal sacrifice!

Alas! shall we with gifted energies sublime,
Fasten our hopes upon the fleeting reeds of Time?
Shall we one noble impulse of th' immortal soul,
Employ for aught but Him, the great I Am, the Whole?
When for our joy beyond the tomb, our peace in death,
He watch'd His Son e'en in his last expiring breath?
When for our wants He gives the increase of the earth,
And bids kind plenty cheer our home and social hearth?
O! ye whose inborn thoughts can scale the star-roofed skies,
O! think, e'er fled the hour from whence your blessings rise.

And either soon or late we all must breathe that sigh,
Which our Redeemer breathed in his last agony;
These active limbs must yield to Him whose plastic call,
First bade the exulting stars shout o'er the rolling ball;
And when the feeble quiv'ring heart-strings fail in grief,
How sweet to lean on His kind arm for blest relief!
This frame which oft has borne its varied round of toil,
Must droop like morning's flower and bleach beneath the soil,
Till when the sun shall cease to shed its genial smile,
And the Archangel's trump shall wake the farthest isle;
At that dread hour of hopes, and fears, and sad alarms,
How happy they, who wake to sleep in Jesus' arms?

THE CRUCIFIXION.

He died! the Immaculate, the Holy One!
Alas! the awful truth that 'neath those skies
Which heard His prayers, they drank his dying groans
For whom His soul had plead at Heaven's high bar,
For whom through life's long watches He had toiled!
For them the fatal shafts, the blood-red nails,
By malefactor hands were madly driven!

He died! And oh, the glorious intercession
His sufferings made! boundless to human ken!
Replete with that rich love matured in heaven!
My soul! oh, let thy ardor rise! arise!
My thoughts interred 'mid earth's gross feculence!
Oh, let one ray of that meek closing eye
Which shone benignantly in death on them
Who gathered round the brow of Calvary,
Ravish my breast with praise, unceasing praise!

He died! and purchased by His writhing pains
A legacy on Immortality,

For grovelling man! That priceless legacy,
By His blood sanctioned, doth extend to me,
Companion with the worm, handmaid of dust,
Who holds a tenure on the joys of life
By mercy, not by merit.

Then can I,
An alien and apostate from my God,
Clad in these mean habiliments of clay,
Boast an affinity with angel bands,
And Him who made them worshippers of Light?

Oh, thou O'erflowing Source of perfect good!
Thou Living Spring of joys perennial,
In whose dread presence Purity veils her face!
Transfix my breast with thoughts of heaven and Thee,
This heart which wears the seal of Jesus' blood,
Great Hierarch! may it be thine for ever!
Then welcome death with all its sickly glooms,
Welcome that hour when Nature's waning pulse
Shall tell the time of my departure hence!
Welcome, thrice welcome, too! that hand which leads
My willing soul 'mid bliss ineffable,
Giving the spirit power to rifle death
Of its envenomed sting, and o'er the grave
To gain a victory!

STANZAS.

Though bright the scenes of life appear
When in their opening bloom,
Fate oft will blight our brief career,
And shroud the soul in gloom:
Thus with the friends we fondly cherish,
For soon they fade and die;
Like earth's fair flowers they quickly perish,
Beneath life's glowing sky.

With unremitting care we toil,
To gain the plants of bliss,
From wealth and pleasure's flowery soil,
That yields no happiness:
Lone pilgrims in this vale of tears,
We journey to the grave;
Each cherished tie that life endears,
Must sink in death's dark wave.

Frail man! though doomed awhile to weep
On Time's bewildered strand,
There is beyond its stormy deep,
For thee a brighter land;
Where smiling Hope, immortal queen!
Shall wave her spotless plume:
When earth and all its pageant scene,
Are mould'ring in the tomb.

THE RETURN.

Alas ! whence have ye fled, departed hours,
And where those fond, familiar scenes, I've known?
Say, shall I seek ye mid earth's fading flowers,
Or, whence, my youthful joys, whence have ye flown?

My childhood's home! How changed the vernal scene—
Each fav'rite spot, where rang exulting mirth;
The school-boy train that shouted o'er the green,
How hushed their sounds and places of their birth.

The stream sighs mournfully along the shore,
Where once so lightly sped my bonny boat;
Those strains of boyish glee, they rise no more,
And on the breezes swells their farewell note.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Yes, here within the church-yard's pale,
I've laid my first born in the tomb;
Death hushed its prattling infant wail,
And sealed its eyes in rayless gloom.

Scarce had I clasp'd it to my breast,
That spotless germ of beauty rare,
Ere the rude spoiler came, and drest
In vestments dim, its form so fair.

In brighter skies its cherub lay
Is borne amid that seraph band;
Who pass beneath life's morning ray,
From this our dark and sinful land.

YES, I WILL WEEP.

Ay, well my bleeding heart may weep,
To part with one so loved and true;
Whose pitying eye could never sleep,
While pain or grief this bosom knew:
Yes, well may tearful Memory mourn,
As fancy paints with blooming grace,
That one so fond should thus be torn
From friendship's dear and clasped embrace.

Yes, I will weep! our festal bower
No longer echoes to thy voice,
Though softly steals the twilight hour,
Where we were wont to once rejoice.
The winding moon o'er fount and grove,
Still watchful, sheds her vestal light,
But, oh! our sacred bower of love,
How changed to fond affection's sight.

Thou canst not list the tender tone,
Of our choral stream in yonder skies;
Say, why hast thou thus early flown
From all earth's gladdening melodies?
Oh! I will pour the burning tears
Of love, upon thy grass-turfed-bed—
Friend of my heart, from infant years,
Thou sainted of the happy dead!

SONNET,

TO THE MEMORY OF A COUSIN.

I WILL not mourn that in thy manhood's prime from earth
Thou didst depart, for joy had never smiled on thee,
Nor pleasure led thy mind amid the scenes of mirth
Where its clog'd wing 'mong fresh delights could wander free.
Nor didst thou drink the buxom air of health. Cold Fate
Had traced the pencillings of grief upon thy brow;
And then life's core diseased, chill penury, elate
As if to stay thy future pains, did bring thee low.
Fond hearts, a weeping train, were summoned round thy bed,
When with a holy smile, by waiting angels given—
Thy voice did faintly raise,—when JESUS wakes the dead,
Beatified this dust shall shine anew in heaven,
The grave now holds thy form once dear, and solemnly thy knell
Steals o'er my brooding heart. My earliest friend, farewell—
farewell.

TO H———.

How many a year shall wax and wane,
  How many a varying week shall close,
Ere from relentless grief and pain,
  We reach that harbor of repose,
Where life's conflicting cares are o'er,
  And sorrows cease to cloud the breast
Where bitter fate can sting no more,
  And where earth's weary pilgrims rest.

O, brother true—but let me urge
  A life of piety and peace;
That when beyond Time's deafening surge,
  Where all its hollow murmurs cease,
We then may meet, and hand in hand,
  View ever blessed Sabbaths run,
Our heritage to join that band
  Whose pæans praise the Eternal One!

TO A MOTHERLESS HOUSEHOLD.

Mourners! ye've laid her in the voiceless grave
And press'd the damp green turf above her head;
But, ah! the soul has cross'd time's rolling wave,
It dwells not in the chambers of the dead.

Ye've borne her to the tomb: that beamless eye,
And speechless lip, but late so fraught with life;
Yet not with her can each warm precept die;
They live to guide you through this vale of strife.

Ye've heard the solemn rite; full well I know,
Kind sympathy hath nought your hearts to cheer;
No kindred voice to mitigate your wo;—
O, where is she whose strains could charm your ear?

That mother's care which shaped your infant way,
And mark'd each youthful germ of thought expand,

That early taught your lisping tongue to pray;—
O! where is she, that mother's guarding hand?

She dwells not here within this dark domain;—
The grave replies, That cherish'd soul, ah whence,
And where? Can ye once list its sound again?
Go ask that seraph band that bore it hence.

In cloudless skies, beyond the realm of death,
She sees each hope in bright fruition fade:
That mother, who, 'mid pains of parting breath,
For you, her household train, in fervor pray'd.

LOVE.

Love is a bud, whose petals rare
  Sip Pleasure's pearly dew,
It blooms in Friendship's crystal air,
  And wears its matchless hue.
Its tendrils like the ivy twine
  Around Life's fragile stem;
It soothes when griefs the heart repine,
  A bud, a precious gem!

TO P——.

'Tis midnight now—a solemn dirge
I hear time's tombs among,
The tide of life its mournful surge
The dying strains prolong.
Another day its thousand throes,
Of giddy throbs and transient woes,
Hath sunk beneath death's onward waves,
Whose dark and turbid water laves
The past, that wide unbounded shore
Of youthful joys and sorrows o'er,
Of hopes that round our early spring,
A bright, entrancing halo fling.
This pensive hour, how calm and still,
There's not a breeze to wake
On Saco's stream the gentlest rill,
Or its clear mirror break.
No more I hear, sweet nightingale,

The voice along yon sleeping vale,
And on the liquid ether floats
No owlet's wild complaining notes—
The lowing herd, the bleating sheep,
Alike have wooed the boon of sleep;
All nature seems to tranquil lie,
Beneath her midnight canopy.
Fond friend—if I, like yonder moon,
  Could climb her path of light,
These weary eyes, how soon, how soon,
  They'd feast in fond delight—
How oft in joy's encircling maze,
With fervent heart on thee I'd gaze.
The thrilling eye how quickly trace
Within thy breast, sleep's wizard place—
Whose mighty talisman should tell
The raptured thoughts my bosom swell,
And wake to life, in visions true,
Our former joys when life was new.
How oft the wide exploring track
  Of time, will fancy trace,
How oft through life we wander back,
  And view each cherished place.
Friend of my youth—when shall we meet
As once we met in converse sweet,—
The joys of home, its brilliant skies,

When will they greet these languid eyes?
Absence awhile its clouds may fling,
And fetter mirth's beguiling wing,
But never can my soul forget
That cherished hour when first we met.
Farewell! the enchantress' mystic lyres
  No more my thoughts invest,
My muse no gentle strain respires,
  But fondly sues for rest.

TO MY HOME.

My own sweet home, my own sweet land,
How dear to me, each winding glade,
Where trees majestic proudly stand,
And cast their twilight shade:
How dear to me yon mountain high,
And woods and massy hills,
That rise like altars in the sky,
And breathe their wind-lit rills

Yon winding stream, that swiftly runs
Where cliffs in grandeur rise,
Reflects as bright and glowing suns,
As those 'neath distant skies:
And softly swells 'mong forests wide,
The grateful hymn of praise,
As where, in domes of pompous pride,
The heart Devotion pays.

Home of my youth, the greenest spot
That kindred ties endear,
The frosts of time thou heedest not,
Undim'd thy wastes appear:
Still bloom thy dales and hills as fair,
And groves of forest pine,
As when I fondly sported there,
In rustic childhood's prime.

TO H. W. B.

And must we part? then fare thee well,
My own companion dear,
Affection's tie, that mystic spell,
Now claims the tender tear;
This thrilling gaze; alas, I feel
It soon must cease to be,
And distance, all, will quick conceal
My cherished home and thee.

But deem not thou, though Fancy urge
Me from thy friendly side,
To stem awhile the rushing surge
Of Time's unfathomed tide,
This heart can once the charms forget
That link our fond embrace,
Or find, when joy in grief is set,
So sweet a resting place.

Fond home, adieu! ye careless tides
That kiss its winding shore,
And veering skiff that sweetly glides
Their playful bosom o'er:
But ah! bright scenes that swiftly pass,
Ye oft shall live again,
In mem'rys retrospective glass,
The cheering joy of pain.

Farewell! and as existence bears
Us thro' this darksome clime,
May we ne'er feel the blighting airs
Of cold unconscious time;
And when our waste of years shall cease
Their wonted heedless flow,
We'll hope to meet in realms of peace,
Beyond this world of wo.

REMEMBER ME.

Remember me! when morn, with rosy wings,
Tinges the blushing east with mellow light,
And the awaken'd sky-lark merrily sings
His twittering notes to the retiring night;
When the gay streams send forth their low-toned voice
As joyfully they lave the sounding shore,
And dale, and hill, and outstretched fields rejoice,
In praise to Him who reigns for evermore:
Oh! then, when the spirit bounds light and free,
In the freshness of morn, Remember me!

Remember me! when, with delighted gaze,
The wearied laborer seeks some woven shade
To screen him from the noon-tide's scorching blaze,
And makes a fitting couch, the grass green blade;
When by the liquid stream the plough-boy strays,
And grazing herds have sought the cool retreat;

When o'er the waving green the school-boy plays,
Or peals his jocund shouts along the street;
Oh, then, 'mid the scenes I've tasted with thee,
In life's vernal dawn, Remember thou me!

Remember me! when downy twilight spreads
Her dusky mantle in the fading west;
When Cinthia's milder form a halo sheds
O'er stream and hill, and mountain's rugged breast;
When yonder astral sparks, in beauty glow
Along the crystal battlements of Heaven;
When hymns of praise in soften'd measure flow,
Borne on the light and viewless breeze of even;
When at thy altar bow'd, in holy prayer,
The friend of thy youth, oh! Remember him there.

TO THE MEMORY OF J. B. A.

Soft be thy pillow, much lamented friend,
Where trouble and affliction cease;
Many the hearts that mourn thy early end—
Thy life was harmony and peace.

Green be the grass, that smiling lifts its head,
Above thy quiet place of sleep,
The mourner oft will hush his lonely tread—
O'er thy cold dreamless grave to weep.

How sacred were the ties—how strong the spell
That wove affection's kindred chain;
But now sad sorrow tolls the requiem knell
Of joys that ne'er will bloom again.

Sleep on! thy verdant sod shall oft be wet
With tears from friendship's treasured urn,
Nor once can this lone heart thy charms forget,
While life's enkindling spark shall burn.

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